

# RURAL REPOSITORY.

VOL. III.

HUDSON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1827.

No. 24.

"Prompt to improve and to invite,  
"We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

## POPULAR TALES.

"To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
"Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

### The Trial.

It was on a cold and tempestuous evening of a winter day, about five and twenty years ago, that the household of a little country inn, in the western part of Pennsylvania, consisting of a niece of the landlord, a superannuated female domestic, and a young man who went by the appellation of hostler, but whose duties were almost as multiform as the far-famed Caleb Quotem's, were arrested in their conversation around the kitchen fire, by a loud knocking at the outer door. All the regular inmates of the house were already beneath the shelter of its roof; the landlord, who had been absent at a neighboring town, on business, during the greater part of the day, had returned home just as the storm commenced; and Mr. Summerville, at that time his only boarder, arrived a short time after. The road on which the inn was situated, though much frequented during the pleasant season of the year, both for the purpose of avoiding the dust of the more travelled highway, and on account of the beautiful prospects it presented, was seldom used in winter. It was, therefore, by no means strange, that a loud summons from travellers, at so unusual a time, and in the midst of a violent storm, occasioned considerable surprise, to the circle at the fire-side of the "Indian Chief"—a name that the house had received from a gaudy caricature of one of the aborigines of our country, painted on an immense sign now heard swinging and creaking in the wind.

"Heaven bless us!" said the old and withered domestic, who had been hitherto busily twirling her spinning wheel in a corner of the fire-place, and whose narratives of witchcraft, with which she had been amusing her two gaping auditors, were, no doubt, the principal cause of the alarm they evinced at the sudden knocking.—"Heaven bless us, Jacky, what can that be?—steal softly to the door, my child, and find what sort of visitors are wandering about on such a night—no good ones, I fear—hist!" (and the revolutions of her wheel were suspended, that she might more distinctly hear.)—"Hist! the Lord preserve me, wasn't that a groan?"

It was indeed a groan that Betty heard; and if the sound seemed at all equivocal before, it

was now repeated in such a manner as to leave no doubt of its nature. A groan, deep and low, but perfectly audible in the breathless silence with which they listened, reached the ears of all; and presently the knocking was resumed, accompanied by a human voice, craving earnestly for admittance.

"For the love of mercy," cried the applicant without, "open your door, good people, if you would not have my master, who has been robbed, and nearly murdered, to perish on your threshold, in the storm."

Such an appeal to his humanity, at once dispelled the idle fears of the hostler, and restored him to manhood; the hand that had been almost palsied by dreads of supernatural evils, became instantly renerved at the call of real distress, though accompanied, perhaps, by real danger. Throwing open the door with quickness, he rushed out into the night, anxious to assist those, whomsoever they might be, that had besought his aid, provided they but came in a tangible shape, "sensible to feeling as to sight." He soon returned, leading into the apartment a man in a military undress, supported between himself and the servant who had caused their alarm. The face and apparel of the officer were stained with blood, which, contrasted with the pallid hue of his cheek, gave him a ghastly appearance. The servant requested that his master might be immediately put to bed, and a surgeon sent for; and that, in the mean time, such dressings and cordials might be administered, as would be likely to counteract the effects of loss of blood, and long exposure to the storm. Seeing that feelings of curiosity, as well as of humanity, were awakened by their situation, he took occasion to observe, that his master had been attacked and robbed on the highway, and that he would relate the particulars as soon as his necessities had been administered to. These requests were readily complied with. Jack was despatched to a neighboring town for a surgeon, and the old woman, who sat in the corner, an almost useless appendage to the family, previous to the arrival of the guests, now became its most important member. She prepared a wash for the Captain's head, which, if it had no excellent medicinal operation, certainly reduced very much the apparent danger of his situation; and supplied him with a sudorific tea, concocted from several efficacious simples of her own gathering, that not only produced a slight perspiration, but was soon followed by gentle slumbers. Indeed, so great a change

did the care and skill of the old lady bring about, in two hours, that, before Jack returned to inform them that the surgeon, being himself an invalid, durst not venture out in so tempestuous a night, they had all agreed there was little necessity for his presence.

When James (for such was the name of the Captain's servant) at length returned from the apartment of his wounded master, whom he did not leave till he saw him locked in a sleep that promised to be unbroken and refreshing; and the individuals of the household, who had been dispersed in various ways, by the occurrences of the evening, were again gathered round the kitchen fire, with the addition of the master of the house, who was in the stables on their first arrival. Curiosity, though she had yielded her place to humanity awhile, again assumed her empire.

"You promised, sir," said Jack, timidly, "awed into something like respect, by the dashing livery of a city footman, 'that you would tell us how your master came to be so hurt upon the highway.'"

"Psha!" retorted the master of the house, "he's been robbed; and that's enough to know about it! 'T'ant the first time such a thing's happened this side the mountains. I hope the young fellow'll get well tho', with all my heart. Whereabouts did you say it took place?"

"Being totally ignorant of this part of the country," returned James, "I really am not able to inform you. I think we must have travelled at least fifteen miles since the occurrence; but as I was obliged to advance very slowly, on account of the condition of my master, and the night setting in very dark and stormy, it is as likely that I proceeded in a wrong as in a right direction. But you can doubtless inform me on that particular. How far are we from Judge Roebuck's?"

"Judge Roebuck's!" eagerly asked the landlord, "is your master's name Captain Belton, the step son of the Judge?"

"The same."

"Merciful Providence!" ejaculated the landlord, dropping into a chair, "the son of my benefactor! Villain! oh! precious villain!"

"Yes, a precious scoundrel, truly," resumed the servant; "but he has sadly miss'd his aim this time. Captain Belton will live as I hope and believe, to see the rascal hanged yet. I wish you managed matters in that respect as we do in England, and his neck wouldn't be worth hemp enough to hang him. But, as it is, he will have to serve a life-apprenticeship in one of your prisons, beyond doubt. He thinks he has made a fine haul, and he has, to be sure, pocketed a considerable sum; but he has pocketed with it that which will destroy him."

"What do you mean?" inquired the landlord.

"Why, sir, there are such things as pick-pockets and thieves in all countries; and having had occasion to cross Hounslow Heath a few times before I crossed the Atlantic, I have learned to make use of precautions when setting out upon a journey. When I drew the money from the bank, which the Captain wanted for this jaunt, I took the pains to make a list of all the notes, with the signatures and numbers; and as soon as the knave attempts to pass a single one of them it will afford a clue by which, before long, he will certainly be traced out."

"The devil you did!" ejaculated the landlord; then added, after a pause, "It was no doubt a wise precaution—and—I—I hope it may prove successful."

"O, never fear, never fear," answered James, "we John Bulls, as you term us, claim the advantage of superior experience to you in many other things; it is but right we should acknowledge to a little more in roguery."

The landlord here left the kitchen; and Jack ventured to ask the English servant how it happened that he and his master, being two to one, had not been able to overcome the ruffian that attacked them.

"Oh, you're in the wrong of the story altogether, I assure you," answered James, raising his head, and proudly planting his right foot, "I fancy if I had been with the Captain, at this moment, we should have returned a very different account of the killed and wounded. There never was a braver man, though I say it, who, perhaps, ought not to, than that same Captain Belton. But, somehow or other, the two greatest accidents which have befallen him for ten years, both took their opportunities when I wasn't with him. I had occasion to make a trip to Old England last summer, to settle a little estate, which my father left between five of us; and while I was gone, what must Captain Belton do but get wounded in an affair of honour. The ill health which was the consequence, induced him to procure a leave of absence from his station, that he might visit his father, who lives somewhere in this neighborhood. I was obliged to stop in the last village we passed through, in order to have a shoe replaced, that my horse had cast; while the Captain, anxious to reach his home to-night, and thinking, probably, that I would soon overtake him, kept jogging on his way. It was just sunset when I reached an eminence which commanded a considerable stretch of road, and looking ahead to see if I could not discern my master, you may judge my surprise when, at some distance before me, I beheld him lying on the earth, and a ruffianly-looking fellow stooping over him, rifling his pockets. I immediately clapt spurs to my horse, but the robber perceiving me, remounted his horse, and disappeared, at full speed, through a by-path that crossed the road. I would have giv-



en chase to the villain, but the situation of the Captain forbade it; and, moreover, as the storm which rages now so loudly without, was just then commencing, I was fearful lest my master might perish before I could reach a place of shelter. Through my ignorance of the country and the darkness of the night together, I suppose I have lost the way; for they told me, at the smith's, where my horse was shod, that then we were but ten miles from Judge Roebuck's.

"You struck into the wrong road about five miles back," said the host, who now entered the apartment to inform his guest that supper was spread for him in another room.—"My house is on the old road, which is not much travelled in winter. You must have turned your horses' heads this way, without knowing it, where the old road crosses the turnpike; else they would have kept on in the biggest track? for horses understand this thing of travelling in dark nights better a good deal than men. You passed within less than a half a mile of Judge Roebuck's. However, we'll make you as comfortable as we can here, and perhaps the Captain will be able to be moved to his father's in the morning. This way sir."

Then entering the room where the supper was spread, the landlord carefully closed and locked the door after them; then, with his finger on his lip, in sign of caution, approaching James, who, it must be confessed, was somewhat startled at the movement, he said in a low and confidential tone, "the circumstances which you have mentioned this evening, have raised my suspicions as to who the robber is; and I'm almost ashamed to tell you that I've fixed upon a man who boards in my own house. Do you think you could know the person if you saw him again?"

"I could not," replied James, "I was not sufficiently near to him: neither do I believe that the captain would be able to, as he seemed to be muffled up and disguised. I suspect he did not get his booty without a considerable struggle, and this piece of chain and clasp, torn off the ruffian's coat, most likely in the scuffle, may perhaps furnish an additional clue to his detection."

The landlord turned to the light to examine the clasp, which was of steel, and such as are at this day frequently worn on the collar of cloaks; but at that time they were not much used, and principally by the military. "I have an indistinct recollection of seeing this clasp before on some person's dress," observed he as he returned it into the hands of James, "but I would advise you not to mention what proofs you can command too freely, until a proper time comes for disclosing them.—The person that I suspect is a stranger to me, his name is Summerville. He arrived at my house one evening, about three months ago, intending, as he then said, to pursue his journey on the following morning, and expressed a wish to be awakened

at an early hour. He was taken unwell, however, during the night, and detained about a week by a slight indisposition, which seems to have altered his plans entirely; for day after day, and week after week have gone by, without his exhibiting any further wish to resume the saddle. He accounted with me regularly for his board, for sometime after his arrival; but when I presented my bill to him the other day, (it had been accruing for nearly two months,) he replied that it was not in his power to settle my claim at that moment; but he should doubtless come into possession of funds in a day or two, when it should be paid. On his return home this evening, he handed me two notes, one of fifty dollars, and the other of ten. I sent the former by Jack, when he went into town for the Doctor, directing him to make payment of it to the merchant with whom I deal. The ten dollars I have still in my possession. If you can find the memorandum, which, you say, will enable you to indentify your master's property, it will be easy to ascertain whether my suspicion of Mr. Summerville is well or ill founded. I shall be sorry if I injure him; but gratitude to Judge Roebuck, who has been a benefactor to me; even common justice requires, that I should do all I can to bring the robber of his son to punishment.

"Certainly," returned James, "and I feel much indebted to you for your readiness to assist me in the inquiry. I will but swallow a mouthful of supper, and then immediately search the Captain's baggage for the list of notes. If one of the numbers should agree with that bank-bill your lodger gave you, it will be a strong circumstance against him, and will doubtless soon lead to a full detection."

"He came home about an hour after sunset," again observed the landlord, "and appeared both fatigued and agitated. He flung me the money as I stood in the bar-room, without saying a word, and went directly to his room, which he has not since left. My hostler saw him give me the bills, and remarked, beside, that his horse seemed much jaded."

"What colour is his horse?" asked James quickly, at that moment remembering the appearance of the one he had seen the robber mount.

"His horse is—is grey," answered the host, hesitating a moment, probably to recollect if Mr. Summerville had ridden his own horse that afternoon.

"By heaven!" ejaculated James, "the very villain himself: stay; stay, sir, I'll go instantly and get the list; if yours be found among the number, there can be no doubt as to his guilt. It was a special Providence," continued James, reverently, "that misled me from the road, that I might find the very lair where the prowler harbours. I have no

question, sir," turning to the landlord, "that the robber is beneath your roof."

While the servant of Captain Belton was gone in the pursuit of the means of fixing the guilt of his master's robbery, on the only guest of the "Indian Chief," perhaps the reader may be willing to accompany us to the room of the unfortunate man himself.

At a fire which had been recently rekindled, and whose flickering blaze furnished the only light in the apartment; his expressive black eyes fixed upon the coals before him, which yet he did not see, for his mind was employed in far other scenes; and his pale and melancholy face reclining on his hand, sat Edgar Summerville. He was wrapped in a large military cloak; while his coat, and other parts of his dress, hanging over a chair near him, and the disturbed condition of the bed, evinced that he had sought repose in it, but being perhaps unable to sleep, from the agitated state of his mind, he had risen again, to indulge in those recollections which he could not suppress.

"Unkind, ungenerous Emma!" it was thus his musings ran, "you should have known my heart too well, to have believed me capable of a dishonourable act. That it was rash, that it was impious in me, to raise my hand against a fellow-being's life, the remorse I have since continually experienced but too truly attests. Yet, had I known him to be thy brother, the infamous epithet of *coward* even, which alone could have compelled me to draw my sword, had failed in its effect. But he forgave me; he, himself, urged me to flight, assuring me, that with his dying breath, he would declare he had fallen in honourable combat. Should he not recover, I am a *murderer*; and though I have not offended against the code of a false honour, yet neither my own conscience, nor the laws of heaven, nor of man, will hold him guiltless, who sheds his fellow's blood. I love thee, Emma, with as true a heart as ever throbb'd in the breast of man; but yet thou never canst be mine. Well might thou shrink from the polluted hand that's reeking with a brother's blood. To-day I met thee with a lighter heart than had, for a long time, occupied my bosom, believing, from the long silence of my friend, that Captain Belton must be recovering; but the withering news your lips conveyed, has steeped me again in deepest anguish."

Edgar Summerville, or rather Edgar Stanley, for the name of Summerville was assumed, for a purpose which the reader has, by this time, perceived, had frequently met, in the circles which he visited, during the previous winter in New-York, with Emily Roe-buck. Her person and attainments were such as attracted his warmest admiration; and he soon discovered that her mind and disposition were congenial with his own. Similarity of taste and sentiments led him

often into her society, and unison of feeling gradually expanded into love. The spring was far advanced when Emily returned to her father's, in Pennsylvania; but before leaving New-York she had exchanged with Edgar vows of everlasting attachment. It was arranged between them, that on his return from France, whither business of the highest importance obliged him immediately to go, he should visit the part of the county where she resided, and make application to her father for his daughter's hand. It was during a short stay that he made in Philadelphia after his return from Europe, that he became acquainted with Captain Belton. Though he had often heard his Emily talk of her brother, yet, as she had uniformly spoken of him as Charles, simply, he was not aware that he was a step-brother, and that there existed a difference in their names. The quarrel we have alluded to, originated in the quarters of Captain Belton, at a time when he was unfortunately excited by wine; and the attempts which Edgar Stanley made to soothe him, being mistaken for timidity, drew forth that appellation, which few have sufficient philosophy to bear. They fought, and Captain Belton fell. Restored however to reflection, by his exertions, and the wound he had received, he acknowledged to his antagonist the rashness of his conduct, and, as had already been related, begging him to preserve himself by flight, he promised that be the event what it might, his reputation should receive no stain. Passing through the house, Edgar Stanley informed a domestic whom he saw, that Captain Belton required his immediate presence; then rushing to his lodging, he ordered his horse, and mounting, put off at full speed, he knew not, and cared not, whither. The circumstances of his arrival at the inn, to which the events of our story have hitherto been confined, has already been made known, by its landlord, to the reader. It was on his recovery from a severe sickness, which the agitation of his mind brought on, that he accidentally learned that he was in the neighborhood of Emma; and although he resolved not to place himself before her, until the fate of Captain Belton should be decided, yet there was a magic in her name that prevented him from leaving the spot. They did meet, however, and under circumstances which increased their affection; it was at the bed-side of a distressed widow, upon whose sorrowing heart sickness and poverty had lain their heavy hands.

Love has a language which far outstrips the speed of words; and not many minutes had elapsed before Emma was fully acquainted with the situation of her lover, and of the impropriety there would be in his presenting himself before her father at that time, as a suitor for her hand. They agreed, however, to see each other again, at the house of the

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poor woman; and it was at their second meeting, when Emma learned the blasting intelligence that her brother, whom she dearly loved, had fallen beneath Edgar's sword. She had received a letter from him on that day, which, perused previous to the fatal disclosure, caused no alarm; but when she came to know, from the lips of his antagonist, that he had been really and seriously wounded, every word in the brief epistle seemed, to the apprehensive eye of a sister, pregnant with fearful forebodings. It ran thus:

"Philadelphia, October 17, 18—.

"My dear Emma—I have it in my power only to say, that I am about to visit you. The wounds which my way of life have led me to incur, though they might prove fatal in the city, I trust may be healed by the breezy influence of my native mountains; at all events, if I am doomed to fall a victim, it shall be among the scenes of my childhood, and in the presence of my sister. James has returned from England, and will attend me; so you need not be apprehensive of any of the dangers of travel on my account, as he is both a good nurse, and a stout-hearted champion. Till I see you, farewell.

"Your brother,

"CHARLES BELTON."

(To be continued.)

### The Robber's Daughter.

Sharbuto, who derived his name from his beardless chin, was an Englishman of the name of Elstane. He became the chief of a most daring banditti, that often menaced Rome, and laid the holy see under contributions, not of course paid as tribute, but 'as alms for the needy and protection for the weak.' Elstane, though known at Rome as the Prince of Mount Leone, lived among the brigands with Antonia, the daughter of a robber chief, who was much attached to him, but jealous of his frequent absence, with which she reproached him. Having one day in the most solemn manner, protested his attachment, she thus addressed him:—"With one fond word I would be content for months, Giulio, if I thought your mind was bent on enterprise. But it is not so. You are changed. The vigour of your fierce soul is gone and that contempt of all for which I first loved you, and which then was an active, fierce overboiling passion, is now worn away to mere passing fits of spleen, and intervening hours of careless languor. You are weaned from this active life of daring, that you vowed to follow ever, and have become again the mean being of towns, and revelry and gaiety, which you once despised, and which I do still, Giulio." "Antonia, you were a robber's daughter." "He was as noble as thyself, Giulio, and chose a free life." "I upbraid not the choice since it has been mine. But cutting throats and purses, think you, girl, it is a following

large and noble enough to content a spirit such as you have known mine." "It should more content such, I think, than chattering in saloons, and grinning night after night, to painted faces." "Yes; but if in these saloons, amongst those worthless crowds, ambition is best to be pursued, friends made, plans matured, and foundations laid for some noble enterprise, the life must be submitted to." "But what plan, Giulio, what enterprise?" "A worthy one, to free an enslaved people." "And to live to rob them after." "Oh, no! to live amongst them, then, were they not too despicable." Antonia shook her head.— "What say you then to become a queen—Antonina?" "Am I not one of these hills?" "Yes, a rude one." "And a less rude one I would not be; to be in silk and gold and to be mocked and worshipped, whispered a hundred distracting things to, have no friend, not even thee, Giulio, and to be surrounded with cold civil smiling faces, like the strange crowds we see in dreams—no, Giulio, I am happier here." "Did you not swear to follow me through all fate, through all reverses?" "I did, and will." "Suppose a throne then a reverse, a terrible misfortune, and be contented to ascend for my sake."

In the course of his adventures, Sharbuto seized Lady Adelaide Devenish, to whom he had formerly been much attached. Antonia, jealous, liberated her, and remained in the apartment. Sharbuto entered, and, thinking that Adelaide had been murdered by Antonia, convinced the latter, by his violence, that she did not possess his heart:—"thou hast not murdered her?" asked Elstane. "Have I not, *tradidore*?" exclaimed Antonia, seeming to allow the accusation, and pointing to her stiletto, "a robber's mistress to fear, or know not how to take vengeance." "Then by all thine accursed saints," cried Elstane, every vein swelling with desperate anger, "thou shalt follow thy victim. What wert thou to me but the plaything of an hour, thou sanguinary—, thou, without a heart to feel. Compare thyself with her—be jealous of Adelaide de Ranzi. I never will love, or see thee more." "Kill me, kill me," cried Antonia, "twere better mercy. You threatened it. Fulfil your threat. You have spoken bitterer than the blow can be." "I may have threatened," replied Elstane, his fury but not his agitation subsiding, as he trembled in every limb, "but I am no executioner, no assassin. Go thy way woman. Death will find thee soon enough." "It will, thou hast truly spoken, thou stabber with the tongue, this is a nobler weapon," and as she spoke, Antonia buried the stiletto in her neck. She had learned too truly where the fatal blow should be dealt. In an instant she was a corpse at the foot of Elstane.

A number of the banditti rushed in at the instant into the apartment, with the tidings

that the prisoner had escaped, that lady Devenish had been seen riding from the village of Monte Leone. "What! she that was here, alive, escaped, then have I murdered my Antonia for a lie!" "You," cried a robber, "Sharbuto murder the daughter of our ancient chief?" "'Tis true my friend." The words that passed were few. The robbers were indignant at what they thought the bloody and ungrateful crime of their chief—a crime this was even to them. Elstane provoked them. And ere the life blood of Antonia ceased to flow, that of the unfortunate Prince of Monte Leone mingled with her's. He died by the swords of the band, which he had so often led to peril and to gain.

## BIOGRAPHY.

"Of man, what see we but his station here."

### Thomas Hutchinson,

Governor of Massachusetts, was a native of Boston, and was descended from one of the most, ancient and honorable families in New-England.

At the age of twelve, he was admitted into Harvard college; and took the honors of that institution in 1727. He turned his attention to mercantile pursuits, and in a few years afterwards he rose to the highest offices of his state. He was now stimulated to acquire a knowledge of the common law of England, and to bend his mind to the study of history and political institutions. Mr. Hutchinson's popularity soon rose very high, and he was regarded as the friend of liberty.

In 1761, he succeeded Mr. Sewall as Chief justice, and was lieutenant-governor from 1758 to 1770.

From this time he began to grow unpopular by promoting the writs of assistance, which Mr. Otis opposed with such force of argument; and by advocating the prerogatives of the crown, rather than the rights of the people. He was also suspected of having forwarded the stamp act, and of advising by letters which he sent to England, "to abridge the colonial privileges."

After the arrival of the stamps, in 1765, a mob assaulted his house, pulled down his office, and forced him to flee for safety.

When Bernard returned to England, at the close of the year 1769, Mr. Hutchinson was appointed governor. From this time he became completely subservient to the views of the British ministry.

He advocated, and strenuously asserted, the right of parliament to tax America. He was the means of bringing the regular troops to Boston to overawe the people, and to enforce the tyrannical laws of parliament; and he was inflexible in his determination to retain them, notwithstanding every argument which was used for their removal.

He became at last so very obnoxious to the province, that he was superseded by general Gage, in 1774. He embarked for England, where he was called upon to give an account of his administration, or to describe the state of the colonies; which he did in such a manner, as met the views, and designs of the British cabinet, who made a report highly in his favor, and was acquitted.

But he soon experienced the neglect of those to the promotion of whose plans he had sacrificed his reputation for integrity, and to whom he had been ready to yield the rights of his country.

Becoming an object of disgust with all parties, he lived many months in a state of chagrin and despondency, and died at Brampton, in June, 1780.

His works are a history of Massachusetts, in two volumes; and a collection of original papers relative to the history of the colony of Massachusetts bay, in one volume octavo.

The style is bad, but they are much esteemed as a valuable collection of facts.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,

"In pleasure seek for something new."

### Honesty vs. Idleness.

No man, said my uncle Timothy, can be perfectly honest, and at the same time perfectly idle. It was a saying which had grown into so much credit with him that he always let it out when there was even the smallest occasion for it. When I speak of my uncle, I speak of days long past—of times and scenes far back in the dim vista of departed years, to which memory sometimes still turns with a childish fondness—and whither sometimes a sigh will stray. I was then young and thought myself a good deal wiser than my gray headed uncle, but I am now old, and my opinion of my uncle's wisdom has been increasing and of my own gradually diminishing ever since. Time has shaken my theories and established his.

Whenever I heard the old gentleman deal out this maxim of his, I felt a strong disposition to correct an error, into which it seemed to me he had thoughtlessly fallen; and one day I took the liberty of speaking on the subject I supposed a case of a man in independant circumstances; a man who owned two or three farms, or had a great deal of money at interest—and I said surely such a man may take his ease, and be idle if he likes, and yet pay his debts punctually, and wrong nobody, and be honest. But my uncle always settled cavils in a brief way—he was a man of few words. Look into the world, Bob, said he, and you'll see how that is. Experience and observation is the mother of wisdom.

Well, I have looked into the world, and every year has unfolded problems which at first appeared mysterious.



My neighbor Thornhill had a large estate and a large family. He passed a peculiarly quiet life of glorious idleness, as a modern loungeur would say—and paid his debts, and was esteemed a very upright, clever man. But when he died his property was insufficient to maintain his children, each in the ease and luxury of the paternal home—yet they had imitated their father—they were so incorrigibly idle, that they all sunk to nothing—and then Thornhill's memory was charged with the foul dishonesty of ruining his boys. It was a heavy charge.

I have found it to be a matter of fact, that one idler would generally do more mischief in the village than twenty industrious men, who minded their own business—and one fellow I remember, who lived at the Swan, on a couple of hundred dollars a year allowed him by his father, actually became so great a nuisance that the people threw him into the mill pond one day, and having given him a thorough ducking sent him out of the bounds of the township.

The truth is, that the active exercise of the bodily or mental powers, in a profitable or useful way, seems inseparable from the idea of a right employment of time. Every man accomplishes much good or much evil in the world. If he adds nothing to the stock of knowledge or of property in society, though he be not immoral or vicious, he stabs by the influence of his example, the very vitals of virtue and good order.—*Trenton Emporium.*

Matthews, in one of his entertainment's raises a heavy laugh by telling the following story of an Irishman driving a pig; animals of this species are well known for their obstinacy, and for their perseverance in endeavoring to go any way but that which you wish them to take. Matthews asked the Irish bog trotter where he was taking the Pig? And the following colloquy ensues; "Spake lower, your honour; pray spake lower." "Why should I speak lower? I only asked whither you was driving the pig?" "Spake lower." "What reason can you have for not answering so trifling a question?" "Why shure, I would answer your swate honour any thing, but I am afraid he'd hare me." "What then?" "Then he'll not go, for I am taking him to Cork, but making him belave he is going to Fermoy!"

*Beautiful Sentiment.*—"As the vine, which has long twined its foliage around the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its scattering boughs; so it is bountifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament to man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace, when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart."

*Gambling.*—Gambling was invented by the Lydians, when under the pressure of a great famine. To divert themselves from dwelling on their sufferings they contrived dice, balls, tables, &c. It is added, that, to bear their calamity the better, they used to play a whole day without intermission, that they might not feel the effects of the want of food. The invention intended as a remedy for hunger is now a very common cause of that evil.

*Anecdote of Peter Pindar.*—When this celebrated satirist was on his death-bed, and very near his end, he was visited by a friend, who had stuck to him through life, and who, being greatly affected at the gradual decay of the poet, inquired if there remained any thing for the hand of friendship to perform? At once the vital spark of life seemed to be rekindled; Peter roused himself, and with peculiar emphasis, exclaimed, "Give me youth again."

"This way, this way," roared a shoe-maker, in Aberdeen, "this way; if you buy here, you'll buy again." "Nae doubt o't, and it winna be lang theretill," said a countryman, holding up his foot, showing that the sole and upper-works of his shoe had parted company; "there's wi aught days' wear, ye botch!"

*Fullness of joy.*—A man observed of his wife, that she was beautiful, dutiful, youthful, plentiful, and an armful!

## SUMMARY.

*Journal of Paul Jones.*—A copy of this valuable and interesting manuscript, in the best of binding and hand writing, is now in Portsmouth, N. H. It was copied from the original by Paul Jones himself, and presented to Louis XVI on the 1st of Jan. 1786, as will be seen by referring to Jones' Life, page 358. It is shortly to be published, together with some correspondence relating to our revolutionary war.

Samuel G. Goodrich, of Boston, has in press an edition of the principal novels of Charles Brockden Brown, comprising Wieland, Arthur Mervyn, Edgar Huntley, Jane Talbot, Ormand, and Clara Howard, and which will, we understand, be published next month. It is to be printed in a convenient form, and on good paper and type, and will be furnished with a memoir of the author.

*To prevent the smoking of a lamp.*—Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn both sweet and pleasant, and give much satisfaction for the trifling trouble of preparing it.

## MARRIED,

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. David Mandeville, of Ghent, to Mrs. Margaret Van Valkenburgh, of this city.

At Poughkeepsie, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Welton, Mr. William Plumb, of this city, to Miss Cynthia Stratton, of the former place.

On Wednesday the 13th inst. at Columbia-Ville, by the Rev. T. F. King, Mr John G. Van Loan, to Mrs Esther Rodgers.

## DIED,

In this city, on the 25th inst. Sarah Jane an infant daughter of Mr. John Bruce.

In Kinderhook, on Monday the 16th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Frink, wife of Mr. Isaac Frink, aged 60 years.



## POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.  
TO HENRY.

*Occasioned by reading his Stanzas in the Rural Repository of February 17th.*

Again thy numbers sweetly flow,  
Thy harp breathes forth a mournful strain;  
Say hast thou felt the blight of wo,  
Or dost of fancied ills complain?

Have friends prov'd false? or dost thou mourn,  
That calmly 'neath the sod, they sleep?  
Have dear ones thus from thee been torn,  
And art thou doom'd alone to weep?

Has unrequited love been thine?  
Or dost thou mourn her early death,  
Who bow'd with thee, at Hymen's shrine—  
And twin'd with thee, the bridal wreath?

Did Fortune once illumine thy path—  
With sunny smile, charm thee a while—  
Then, fickle goddess, frown in wrath?  
Or hast thou never known her smile?

Is thine, imaginary wo—  
Thy happiness, why let it blight—  
Or cast a shade upon thy brow?  
Oh give it to the winds of night!

Are friends untrue—weep not for them—  
They are not worth the briny tear—  
I would not give one pearly gem,  
For sunshine friends, or insincere.

But when our friends are call'd by death,  
Then, then indeed, our tears must flow;  
Yet God who gave those lov'd ones breath,  
Doth even then, a balm bestow.

Has she, who strew'd thy path with flowers,  
Pass'd Jordan's stormy waves, mourn not!  
For now she roves in Jesus' bowers,  
Happy, thrice happy is her lot!

And as for Fortune's wayward smile,  
One sunny beam of Gospel light,  
Can more, the ills of life, beguile,  
Than all Golconda's diamonds bright.

Thro' all these ills, may life be borne—  
We still may wear a chasten'd smile;  
Our own misdeeds, and these alone,  
Can each bright ray from life beguile.

One sorrow yet, may us beset—  
Tho' Faith, her soothing balm may bring—  
When friends by vice, degraded fall—  
Still, deep must be our sorrowing.

ALCANZOR.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

*Lines, written on a bankbill, sent to a distressed family.*

Go—I can do without thee—  
And seek the broken heart  
Spread joy and mirth about thee,  
With thy all-soothing art.

Go—seek the lonely bosom,  
And plant new pleasures there,  
And cause new hopes to blossom,  
Mid sorrow and despair.

HENRY.

## THE BRIGAND LEADER AND HIS WIFE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Dark chieftain of the heath and height!  
Wild feaster on the hills by night!  
Seest thou the stormy sunset's glow,  
Flung back by glancing spears below!  
Now, for one strife of stern despair!  
The foe hath track'd thee to thy lair.

Thou, against whom the voice of blood,  
Hath risen from track and lonely wood,  
And in whose dreams a man should be,  
Not of the water or the tree;  
Haply, thine own last hour is nigh,  
Yet, shalt thou not forsaken die.

There's one, that pale beside thee stands,  
More than all thy mountain bands!  
She will not shrink in doubt and dread,  
When the balls whistle round thy head;  
Nor leave thee, though thy closing eye,  
No longer may to hers reply.

Oh! many a soft and quiet grace,  
Hath faded from her soul and face;  
And many a thought, the fitting guest  
Of woman's meek, religious breast,  
Hath perished, in her wanderings wide,  
Through the deep forest, by thy side.

Yet, mournful now surviving all,  
A flower upon a ruin's wall,  
A friendless thing, whose lot is cast,  
Of lovely ones to be the last;  
Sad, but unchanged through good and ill  
Thine is her lone devotion still.

And oh! not wholly lost the heart,  
Where that undying love hath part;  
Not worthless all, though far and long  
From home estranged, and guided wrong;  
Yet may its depths by Heaven be stir'd,  
Its prayer for thee, be pour'd and heard!

## ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

*Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.*

PUZZLE I.—Life—Orpheus—Virtue—Elijah—Love,  
PUZZLE II.—Salt—Petre.

## NEW PUZZLES.

I.  
The mother of evil, the parent of good,  
I never could eat, yet make all things my food,  
I am grave I am gay, I am foolish and wise,  
Some men I degrade, while I make others rise:  
I cause pleasure and pain, sweet concord and strife  
And all things can create, and destroy all e'en life;  
I was found in the ark, have been known ever since  
(Men, women, and children, this truth can evince)  
And ne'er shall relinquish my station on earth,  
While on it are found wisdom, folly, or worth,  
One hint further I'll give, then bid you adieu,  
At this time I am happy in dwelling with you.

II.  
My first you meet in open street,  
One hundred times an hour;  
My next 'tis clear, my first do wear  
My all's a fragrant flower.

## RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is printed and published every other Saturday, at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post-office.